

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT,

A WEEKLY JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO

LIGHT SEEKERS.

FROM OCTOBER 6TH, 1880, TO OCTOBER 5TH, 1881.

PUBLISHED BY

MRS. M. MERRICK,

QUINCY, ILL.

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Michael's Wallet, a poem.....	719
Michigan Mediums.....	798
More about the Talbot Boys.....	562
Money vs. Individuals.....	66
Modern Revelations.....	239
Morals and Mathematics.....	264
Moral Courage.....	161
More Information wanted about Special Providence.....	216
Money from Music.....	697
My Experience.....	306
My Rights, a poem.....	312

N

Never Despond.....	78
New York City.....	200
Nothing but Leaves, a poem.....	800

O

Obituary, Thos. Jasper.....	207
Of Such is the Kingdom of Heaven.....	68
On Mississippi Tide, a poem.....	739
Only a Moment.....	831
Organize for a Strike.....	457
Organization.....	744
Our Rights as Women.....	313
Our Homes are What we Make Them.....	328
Out in the Cold.....	414
Our City.....	5
Our Visit to Maryville.....	596
Our Forrest.....	213
Our Madonna.....	808
Over the Country.....	667

P

Paradise, Where is It?.....	96
Philosophy of Spiritualism.....	472
Pioneers in Progression.....	34
Please or Displease, a poem.....	235
Principles.....	650
Progression, a poem.....	8

R

Reality, a poem.....	26
Rejoice and be Glad.....	81
Reunion.....	119
Religion of Jesus.....	137
Recording Angel.....	636
Religion and Theology of Spiritualism.....	601
Reform.....	568
Richard Relf, a poem.....	459

S

Salutatory.....	17
Seeds, a poem.....	41
Signs of the Times, chapter 1 to 51.....	21
Science and Revelation.....	106
Singular Effect of a Sermon.....	384
Sincerity, a poem.....	681
Some Experience.....	409
Spiritualism.....	90
Speculation as to the Future Life.....	265
Spirit Singing.....	640
Spiritual Incident.....	646
Spiritual Outlook.....	446
Spiritualism, a poem.....	528
Spiritualism a Law.....	610
Spiritualism Among the Clergy.....	790
Stand Alone.....	790

T

Temperance.....	237
Teach us Wisdom.....	282
Times.....	728
The Spirit Soldier's Return.....	71
The World Insufficient for Us.....	75
The Pen Mightier than the Sword.....	82
The Latter Days, a poem.....	89
The Fairy Carpet.....	113

The Gift of Healing in Australia.....	124
The Rostrum.....	139
The Deluge.....	150
The Dying of the Year.....	179
The Institute of Hereditary.....	266
The Layman in the Pulpit.....	236
The Resurrection of Man.....	297
The Two Glasses, a poem.....	304
The Beautiful Snow.....	346
The Future Life.....	363
The Ninety and Nine.....	363
The New Era of Women.....	427
The Rich and Poor.....	628
The Key of Life.....	642
The Mission, a poem.....	662
The Merrick Hall.....	12
The Love of Women.....	166
The Joys of Life.....	166
The Object of a Fountain of Light.....	254
The Better Way.....	255
The Work to be done.....	435
The New Life.....	503
The Grand Light.....	503
The Soul.....	519
The Might of Right.....	538
The White Robed Angel.....	571
The Gem City.....	574
The Sad Execution, a poem.....	674
The Glitter and the Real.....	703
The Mother.....	723
The Poets' Laureate.....	754
The Presbyterians' Hell.....	793
The Truth.....	799
The Best Method of Punishing Children.....	822
Tone of the Voice.....	80
To the Fountain of Light.....	304
To Spiritualists.....	504
To the Friends of Mutual Liberty.....	730
To Hot for Wolfe.....	818
Truth, a poem.....	23
Tribute of the Memory of W. E. Dawe.....	126
Truth, a poem.....	390
True to Life, a poem.....	698

U

Unity Church Industrial School.....	118
Uses of Doubt.....	535

V

Voices in the Air, a poem.....	311
Victory of Right.....	567

W

We All Work.....	299
We are Sad To-night.....	690
Why?.....	121
Who is my Neighbor?.....	122
What might be, a poem.....	335
Whence the Change.....	348
What is Punishment.....	639
What is meant by Science.....	14
What Women are doing.....	212
What is a Medium.....	546
What is the true Science of Justice.....	616
What the Sun Did.....	708
Wisdom Crieth on the Corner of the Street.....	490
Winters Joys and Sorrows.....	195
Will We Forget.....	771
Woman what is her Sphere.....	98
Woman and the Household.....	648
Wounds.....	662
Woman and Purity.....	16
Woman and Speculative Philosophy.....	621
Work.....	662
Words of Cheer.....	607
Woman's Sphere.....	650
Words of Encouragement.....	706
Woman's Rights.....	726

Y

You may be Right, I may be Wrong.....	11
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A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT,

DEDICATED TO LIGHT SEEKERS.

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Agents wanted to introduce the paper.

Vol. I.

Wednesday, October 6, 1880.

No. 1.

THIS magazine, containing sixteen pages, will be published weekly. It will contain articles upon science, art, literature, as well as upon the subjects of ethics, or the elevation of the spirit alone. By elevating the spirit of man, we develop the true life. The subscription price (one dollar per year) places it within the reach of all individuals. The idea is not to extort money from individuals, but to place before the people pure literature, which shall be within the reach of all classes.

INTRODUCTION.

IN INTRODUCING to the public this pamphlet, we simply state the idea with which we are impressed; that an expression of free thought is the armor which must withstand the darts of persecution and oppression. It is the light which shall sweep away superstition and ignorance. All men are created equal, and the constitution of our glorious country sets forth this principle as the one which led the pilgrim fathers to declare themselves free and independent of those who dwelt across the waters. It is the principle innate in every individual. Every human being is responsible for his or her own actions, and likewise has a right to his or her own private judgment on all matters connected with the realm of thought. As a medium for free thought, we shall introduce this paper to the public. All persons are invited to express their opinions, who will express them conscientiously. Be it understood, it will not be a sectarian paper, but one upholding religious liberty and the right of

private judgment. Then to the world at large we send greeting and invite your expression. The great truths are sometimes like rare gems, found 'neath a rough exterior. The humble workman may have locked within his breast rare gems of thought. We invite your expression as well as that of the sage and scholar.

DARE AND DO.

In olden times it was considered brave for an individual to meet his brother in deadly combat, and the person who came off victorious was lauded to the skies as brave and valiant—the friends of the poor unfortunate receiving not a moment's thought.

Is this, think you, the daring and bravery which springs from a pure heart, from which wells a fountain of love to mankind?

Ah! is it not more daring to give the energies of this short life to doing deeds which fill every heart with joy?

It was on the banks of the beautiful Rhine; two neighboring peasant's sons having had some altercation, and the difficulty not being settled for months, the resentment had deepened and grown into deadly hatred. Now, they meet at a public meeting of the peasants, and a discussion between the leading parties has arisen. The two enemies, belonging to opposing parties, now give vent to all their long cherished hatred, and, it is agreed, at the setting of morrow's sun, they shall meet in deadly combat. Ah! gaze upon those fair, intelligent features, and tremble when you see the demon enthroned within each breast, and see the fiery darts flash from the eyes of both. Yet, there was an angel sometimes dwelt in each temple, and those same faces had kindled with the holiest, purest passion, and the gentle dove could have then symbolized them.

Yes, those two boys, just entering upon manhood, were, in their calm moments, gentle and almost feminine in character; one the idol of a fond mother; the other, a devoted sister, who had taken the place of the mother who has joined the angels.

No entreaties from the bystanders could induce them to desist. One, in angry passion, had challenged; the other had accepted, and both were as immovable as a damantine rock, for the time being.

Each departed to his home; no good angel within. The first, whom we shall call Carl Ravenna, passed up the pretty winding path, which led to the summit of a hill, where, embowered in a

cluster of forest trees, was the humble abode of his widowed mother. Not with the elastic step and merry whistle which was his wont, but with lowering brow and a countenance more befitting an older man. Astonished, the fond mother gazes upon her son; no familiar greeting as was his wont.

"My dear son! what has occurred?" Although the muscles of the mouth relax, and a more softened expression reigns upon his countenance, no answer comes. The question is repeated; slowly he raises his eyes to his mother's.

"Mother! I shall probably see but one more sunrise."

Startled at this expression, she questions him closely, and he is induced to tell her the truth. Oh! the anguish of that mother's heart. Can the satisfying of a vengeful thirst give her joy when her child's life is endangered? What cares she for the daring of the deed? That he has been challenged, and must, as a gentleman of honor, accept, stills not the tumult of her mother heart. None but those who have passed through like experiences can realize the torture which fills her breast. Until the time appointed she moves as one in a dream.

The other, Ralf Revely, passed down a shady walk, on the banks of the Rhine, to a little cot, when the loved sister sprang forward to meet him. In her hand she bore choice roses just culled from her bower, as her brother called a rustic summer house completely covered with the loved rose of their country. Ah! her gay, merry, singing brother she does not meet, but a morose looking man instead.

This passion completely filled Ralph, for being of a much stronger nature than Carl, this hate was deadly, and *vice versa*, his love was consuming. Although he possessed such love for his sister, it was, for the time being, cast aside for this new and deadly passion.

"Oh! my dear brother! what *has* happened?" she cries, as the tears unconsciously start from her eyes. But, for the first time in her whole life he pushes her aside, giving her no answer. Sad is it to look upon this picture. The loving, affectionate brother transformed into a demon, and by this spirit of rage. Again the good angels take flight.

The sister, seeing she could not prevail upon the loved brother to reveal to her the cause of this change, returned to their home to prepare the frugal supper, allowing his passion to silently subside.

At length she calls him, and, somewhat composed, he enters the dwelling and tells his sister of the morrow's plan.

Silently she listens, but her torture is of a far different character from that of the mother's. She well knows that Ralph Revely never lost aim. He was the marksman of their province, and already she looks upon her brother as a murderer. With a silent prayer for divine aid she quickly ponders how best she can dissuade him from his purpose. Gently she pleads with him.

"Oh my brother! well you know that Carl must fall by your hand, and then my brother will be a murderer." Although he sees the force of his sister's argument, he is too proud to relent. No, his word has passed in the presence of others, and cannot be revoked. Long and earnestly she pleads, but, although at times upon the eve of relenting, pride rules the spirit.

Still, the sister is firm, and a determination is formed, by which she knows *the true spirit of her brother shall predominate.*

The spot selected is a lovely opening, where the last rays of the sun are reflected upon the smooth surface of the Rhine. A lovely evening and as beautiful a scene as ever greeted mortal vision. The calm beauty so inspiring, however, awakens no corresponding emotion in the breasts of the pale combatants.

All is in readiness; the two pieces raised. "*One*" has sounded up on the evening air; a rustle is heard in the thicket near by, and, springing as a deer upon chase, comes Alice Revely. She rushes into the open space, and with fearless countenance stands before her brother; so near, that the charge cannot miss her. Already almost willing to relent, this seems to instantly bring him to his senses. Here is the one who has been sister and mother to him, ready to be murdered by his own hands. The frame trembles, the hands fall down by the side, and the hot tears rain down the cheeks of both combatants. "No, no, Alice! you have conquered. No, I *will* not."

Taking the hand of each, she places them together, and silently seems invoking heaven's blessing.

The barriers are broken down, the demon has fled, the good angels return, and, methinks, we can see the angelic form of that angel mother breathing benediction upon that daughter and shedding tears of joy over the return of reason to that son.

The bravery is apparent. It is brave to do right, to *dare to do*

right, even though a prevailing spirit says "Take the world's code of honor." The daring of the young girl has saved her brother from the sin of murder, and united the two enemies as greater friends.

MORAL—*Let us dare to do what is right.*

CORA CORAL.

Nothing is *attainable* unless we *love* it.

OUR CITY.

Our city is denominated the "Gem City of the West," and well has it been named. Its natural scenery has not a superior in the West. Situated on the great "Father of Waters," on a curve in the stream, we have a beautiful view up and down the river for some miles, and the elevated position renders it healthful, sightly, and *romantic* to those who delight in hill and dale. A city to be well located must be "high and dry." The inundations of our beautiful river cannot reach us upon this side, although we may some times look across upon the Missouri side, after our spring rise, and see a vast sheet of water extending for miles. The facilities of our city are good; our port, during the summer, being one scene of busy lading and unlading steamers; and our railways, throughout the whole year, bringing passengers and freight from North, East, South and West, as well as shipments of various manufactures from this place.

Our beautiful city of the dead, called Woodland Cemetery, so named in honor of the late Governor John Wood, as the site was, originally, donated by him, is as lovely and befitting a place as can be found elsewhere. Situated upon a knoll, or collection of knolls rather, with bright grassy slopes extending almost to the river's brink. Covered, too, with the loveliest of forest trees—nature's true temple. In point of beauty, this is one of Quincy's gems, for it is the "City of Gems," truly speaking.

Of our city we shall speak from time to time, and give more of its history.

REV. ARTHUR P. DEVELIN, formerly a Roman Catholic, has delivered a series of lectures at Merrick Hall during the month of September, upon various subjects. His creed is *now*, right of private judgment. His lectures, which were *very interesting*, were well attended.

EDUCATION AND HEALTH OF WOMEN.

(Extract taken from an article by ELIZABETH CUMINGS.—*Popular Science Monthly*.)

The radical defect in the education of girls is, that knowledge, and that of a very superficial sort, instead of the cultivation of the faculties, is made its aim. Regarded by the large majority of educators in a partial light as a means organized for something outside of herself, the girl is simply taught to appear educated. The directing of her mind into a wholesome and self-controlled activity, which is the only means of perfecting the intellectual faculties, is not thought of. Her mind is made a scrap-bag into which are dropped the dabs of this and that which custom has decreed a young woman should know, and which she and her friends regard very much in the same light as the bows and feathers on her pretty bonnet.

Between the ages of twelve and twenty, the time of all others when her body and its healthful development ought to be carefully looked after, a girl ordinarily receives all the intellectual training she ever has. To do credit to the school and satisfy the mistaken pride of her friends, she is kept in a perpetual hurry, memorizing an incredible number of pages per day. Her chief recreation is a sedate walk, in which dress and behavior have to be considered more than the toning up of her flabby muscles and the oxygenizing of her thin blood. Her chief pleasures are evening entertainments, where her vanity is stimulated to the utmost, and late hours, unhygienic dress, and unwholesome food tax her vitality.

Society emphasizes the education of the boarding-school. To appear well is its sole demand upon young women. Earnestness, an interest in the projects which their founders believe will regenerate the world, all the ebullitions of force characteristic of the young mind that thinks, even an enthusiasm for study, are "bad form" for a young lady in society, and make her suspected of being, at least, "queer." Of course, I speak of ordinary society. There are cultivated congeries in every large city in which more is expected of a girl than mere prettiness. A bright girl who has finished her school-life scarcely knows what to do with herself. Her education was not a preparation for any special work, and, unless she was very fortunate, it did not lay the foundation of proper mental habits. The intellectual in her has been roused, but she has not been taught how

to direct it. Some way this force will expend itself: if it can not find a legitimate outlet, it will stimulate the emotions, and find a disastrous activity in them, and too often the "sweet girl-graduate" becomes a sentimental creature, a prey of whims and caprices, capable of an intense but one-sided energy when her enthusiasm is roused, but incapable of any sustained, self-directed effort.

Women rarely find in marriage greater incentives to a real intellectual activity than they find in the boarding-school or in society. Whether the man whose name she takes will be as attractive in middle life as in his youth—whether she will be proud and glad that he is the father of her children—are matters about which the young girl is not taught to think. Domestic economy, as now carried on, is burdensome and full of distasteful and humdrum duties. Having no special aptitudes, not having enough control of her mind to elect to do anything, or to persist in it if she so elect, not knowing how to make the most of what is open to her, unhappiness, real or imaginary, preys upon the average woman to an extent not to be guessed at by a person whose mind is employed.

It is the natural tendency for those powers which are constitutionally the strongest to overrule and weaken the others. If woman is, from physiological causes, more emotional than is good for her, and the habits of civilized life have increased this tendency, if emotional excitement weakens the control which the will ought to exercise over the powers of attention and reflection that stand at the head of intellection, it is the first business of the teacher to employ a girl's faculties as equally as possible—to restrain those which unduly predominate, and exercise the weaker powers.

A girl should be made to understand, from the first, that the education she receives at school is to do for her mind what the scales and exercises do for her fingers in her musical studies; that she is not to study simply to acquire facts, but to get control of her mind. Moreover, she should be taught that it is her duty to look forward to a life-long intellectual activity, so that, when she comes to take full charge of herself, she will direct her mature powers toward some pursuit or line of study which will promote her present or future welfare, and insure to her wholesome mental habits. Especially should her will-power, the force which will, more than any other, make or mar her, receive the most careful training; so that, become adult, she will be able to use it physiologically, and determinately

turn from the enemies, wounds, and serious sorrows, that otherwise might induce nervous disease, or drive her into a mad-house, to some one of the many subjects of interest in which the world abounds.

The first mistake in the education of girls, and the one fraught with the saddest results, is made when they are allowed to leave childhood too soon. To keep them little girls as long as possible, and make them, first of all, what George MacDonald calls "blessed little animals," is the first step in the right direction.

The second mistake is, permitting growing girls to sit in the house and study when their transparent cheeks tell of anæmia and lowered vitality. So long as there are branches of knowledge which are admirable training for the mind and can be pursued best out of doors, this mistake is inexcusable. It remains to be seen whether the old methods of education in use in boys' schools are the best for girls: they are best only if they are most physiological. Girls should be treated as they are, not as they might be under improved habits and conditions.

The third mistake is, making the school-life of girls final, when it ought to be a simple preparation for the intellectual life of the adult woman.

A fourth mistake is, withholding a knowledge of the laws to which woman is subject, in her physical and mental life, her place in nature, and the potential character of her mental state and habits.

PROGRESSION.

The seed through stages various
Passes; and behold! the towering tree,
The rolling wave of time, with grandeur
Brings light, and hope, and liberty.

Liberty is echoed again and again;
For the *mind* now triumphs true;
The savage has progressed beyond the infantile;
Man has bidd'n *old* things adieu.

New scenes, new thoughts, new work;
The arrow and bow, the weapons, all
Should, with the onward march, be lain aside,
And let pure love to fellow man, each heart enthrall.

A HISTORY OF LIFE.

AS IS GATHERED FROM BIBLICAL LORE.

CREATION.

Let there be light! commenced the world;
Then was all its glory unfurled;
Then the beauty rare, from divine hand,
Smiled o'er a new, uninhabited land;
Then man was formed, and the sun's bright light
Illumed his day hours and the moon his night.

Thus light it was revealed the beauty;
And as each orb performed its duty,
Rare loveliness each hour was portrayed
From rise of sun to its sinking shade;
When the moon and stars, athwart the skies,
Bade the shimmering light rest the eyes.

So light it was, which commenced the world,
And revealed the beauty, now unfurled;
By an architect of perfect mind,
Who formed each creature after its kind.
Man, the likeness of this mighty one,
To him gave charge o'er the world alone.

Yes, for him the light illumes the earth,
And in him the power of thought has birth.
So pure light it is, which now portrays
The vast power, which 'neath the surface lays.
And knowledge, true, is the brother twin
Of this power, which did the world begin.

Imagine a period of time, when this beautiful world of ours, now dotted with its mighty mountains, its lovely forests, its meandering streams and smiling valleys, was a barren waste, "without form and void," says the record. Let the thoughts be centered upon this idea; close the eyes, dwell upon the scene in fancy. It simply brings the truth home to the heart. "Oh, Lord! how manifold are thy works, and thy ways are past finding out." To bring to ourselves a conception of this chaotic period, and permanently establish a correct picture, is utterly impossible. And in this moment of retrospection, reason says there is a God; there is an architect; a perfect workman, who has fashioned and planned all things; then, with childish simplicity, we yield allegiance to the higher powers. Imagine now,

as scene after scene was brought upon the stage of earthly action, all things called "good," and lastly the light, to tinge the eastern horizon, to bring the glorious effulgence of noonday, the mellow shades of evening and the subdued beauty of moonlight nights, which are contrasted with the dark, starless, moonless nights. These giving a sample of what all would be, but for the holy and most to be prized of heaven's gifts—"light." Aye, light, in its twofold meaning, is the Queen of the physical and spiritual world. But, anon, it has been a subject of discussion by sages and scholars of every age, whether the world was formed in six days and nights, as the record says, or whether it was the same number of periods of time, denominated days; whether Adam and Eve were the only man and woman placed upon the earth, and in them all nations had birth; or, whether there were numerous other families upon the globe, of whom mention is not made. But we think these minor considerations. It matters not. The great power it seems is omniscience, omnipresence; we breathe it in the air; we see it in the broad field of nature. Man was, by some means, placed upon this earth, and not by chance; and whether the story of his eating the forbidden fruit be an allegory, intended to convey a great truth, or whether it be a literal fact, concerns not ourselves so much to-day as the great questions, "How shall we live? What is *our* sphere of action? What are *our* responsibilities? That there is an antagonistic power to the good is as evident as that there is darkness in the physical world, opposed to the light, giving us a true appreciation of the light by contrast. Thus the good is the light of the spiritual realm, and the evil the darkness. Then light is Queen. Her sceptre is studded with precious gems, called Virtue, Humility, Brotherly Love, Temperance, Fidelity and Chastity.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE city is improving, many new buildings being erected in various parts. Many houses which stood idle during the summer are occupied, indicating an increase of population, although, there has been some emigration from this place to Leadville and other points in the West.

THE season is one of plenty in our place. Apples, grapes, peaches and pears smile upon us on every street corner, as well as our Southern imports.

YOU MAY BE RIGHT, I MAY BE WRONG.

[FROM THE BANNER OF LIGHT.]

When man first trod the face of earth,
And brutal force the mass controlled—
Ere reason scarce had had its birth,
Or words of love had e'er been told—
The rude world sang the weird-like song,
Of "I am right, and you are wrong."

When tribe 'gainst tribe its force combined,
And plans to subjugate were laid;
When nations formed to gather strength,
And armies in the field arrayed—
The world still sang the cheerless song,
Of "I am right, and you are wrong."

When Christ, with meekness of a child,
The Golden Rule to life applied,
By Jewish priests he was reviled,
Betrayed, mocked, scourged and crucified.
Then sang the world the bigot's song,
"Yes! I am right, and you are wrong."

Paul, Stephen, Peter, Justin, James,
And other martyrs to their faith,
Have left behind immortal names,
But paid the forfeit by their death,
Because the world e'er sang the song,
Of "I am right, and you are wrong."

When Huss and Luther dared oppose
The edicts of the Papal See;
When Murray from the Partialists
In public dared to disagree,
Loud rang abroad the hateful song,
"Oh! we are right, and you are wrong."

Sects have increased and multiplied,
As Father Time strode on apace;
Yet every sect claims excellence,
With more intolerance than grace,
And sings unto the gathering throng,
"Come! I am right—the rest are wrong."

Though Jesus bade him without fault
To be the first to cast the stone,
And taught the code of charity—
For none are sinless—no, not one—
The world sings now as then the song,
"Yes! we are right, and you are wrong."

When first some tender hearts were moved
In pity for poor Afric's slaves,
Though all now claim a friendship true,
Division marked those moral braves;
They heard that self-complacent song
Of "I am right, and you are wrong."

When Galileo proved the truth,
That grand old earth itself turned round,
By dint of force did he retract,
And, silenced, yield his vantage ground.
The world sang unto him the song,
"Oh, I am right, and you are wrong."

Albeit many now have learned
That news may flash across the sea,
Just hint that souls may send us back
A message from eternity,
The world sings loud the same old song,
"Oh, I am right, and you are wrong."

Whoever dares a step to take,
Advancing to a point in front
Of science or theology,
Must stand the buffet and the brunt,
And hear that constant, dismal song,
Of "We are right, and you are wrong."

Thank God! though bigots think it strange,
That, nevertheless, earth moves along,
God speed the day when man may change
That hackneyed, pharisaic song,
And sing a wiser, better song,
"You may be right, I may be wrong."

When churches practice what they preach,
And preach from heaven-taught, liberal creeds,
The recreant sinner then may feel
The vital force of Christian deeds,
And sing, in time, a better song,
"You may be right, I may be wrong."

When all shall lend a willing ear,
To doctrines new and still untried,
And pause awhile, ere they condemn,
To learn the truths of either side,
Then may be heard the better song,
"You may be right, I may be wrong."

So may the universal church
Of brotherhood be broad and strong,
As man may frankly own to man,
"I may, as well as you, be wrong."
Come, let us start that better song,
"You may be right, I may be wrong."

THE following lines were written in honor of a lady who has lost her husband through what is called death. Thinking it a waste of what she is steward over to erect an elaborate monument over his grave, she took the means she could so have used and built a hall, which she has given freely to the citizens of Quincy and to the world at large as a place wherein free thought may be expressed. The poorest, as well as the richest, has a welcome within its walls. We deem it a greater monument to the loved one waiting on the other shore, and one which shall live in the hearts of the people, where the good and true must ever live. "Make not to me idols," saith Jehovah. Christian and brothers—*all*—make not your departed friends idols, and, building a monument over their lifeless remains, fall down and worship it.

THE MERRICK HALL.

[BY REQUEST.]

A monument of art 'tis not,
A house of worship? no!
It is a place where purest thought
May, like a gentle river, flow.

'Tis for reception
Of angels, pure and holy.
Here may we have no deception;
Here may meet the great and lowly.

'Tis the tribute of heavenly love
To a dear and departed one;
May here shine from that clime above
The rays from the Spiritual Sun.

Worship is not in temples of art;
'Tis not in gorgeous array,
But is enthroned in the human heart,
And must be practiced every day.

'Tis in smallest acts of life
That it is most truly portrayed,
And through scenes of earth's sad strife
The path of worship's made.

Then not in temple worship we;
Our God is not an idol;
But let it flow, both full and free,
Like the incoming tidal.

Bearing onward again a bark
Freighted with its precious cargo,
With Truth's light to illumine the dark
And on sin place an embargo.

[Dedicated to Mrs. Dr. Merrick, by her friend, Ida M. Merrill.]

LOOKING HEAVENWARD.

When we turn our thoughts heavenward, and ask our spirit friends to draw near to us, touch our lips with a coal from the altar of eternal fire, of love, mercy and justice, they come pouring streams of light and magnetic influence over us. And when we are filled with the power, called the Holy Ghost, we can send out streams of the same fire, and touch the souls of others. M. M.

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

Eighteen hundred years ago, 'tis recorded in the New Testament, that one Jesus of Nazareth lived in Bethlehem of Judea. His parents were pure, honest people; had a family of sons and daughters. Jesus, the oldest son, was a carpenter, and worked like other men at his trade. As he progressed and matured into manhood, he felt a power within, prompting and inspiring him with love towards mankind. When the Holy Ghost descended upon him at his baptism in Jordan, he saw the heavens opened, and heard the voice, saying: "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." He was what is called a medium, a great Prophet, greater than any who had ever lived before him. His physical body was the most perfect organism, and when the Holy Spirit controlled him, he could command the storm and it was hushed. He was a great teacher, going about doing good, healing the sick, raising those that had fallen asleep, or called dead. He also cast out evil spirits, and caused the blind to see and the lame to walk. He taught the people how to live in innocence and purity by his deeds of charity and mercy to the unfortunate, and how to "love one another." The mighty works which he did were called miracles. They appear to the Christian world the same to-day, and what is a miracle? Is not the whole visible world a miracle? Do we mortals know how anything exists? We say there are natural laws, and all things are governed by law. All means *all*, does it not? Then miracles are also governed by laws. The difficulty in the minds of the people is, they do not understand the laws of the Universe. There are millions of laws yet to be revealed to mankind. M. M.

WHAT IS MEANT BY SCIENCE.

Taken from a work by the late REV. J. CLOWES, M. A., Rector of St. John's Church, Manchester, and Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

The term *Science* is derived from the Latin *scio*, signifying to *know*, and according to the sense of the term denotes in general, *whatsoever a man knows*. Common usage, indeed, has circumscribed the signification of this term within narrower limits, and nothing is thought to deserve the name of science but abstruse speculations on abstruse subjects. Thus we talk of the science of mathematics, of astronomy, of geography, of mechanics, of optics, of hydrostatics, &c. &c., and none are deemed men of science except such as are adepts in those subjects. But why may not we talk of the science of husbandry, of building, of planting, of manufacture, of merchandise, or of any other employment? Certainly, every business in which any man is engaged, implies something to *be known*, and is therefore properly a *science*; and every man may be supposed to follow some employment, and therefore to *know* something, every man is, properly speaking, a *man of science*, and none appears to have an exclusive right to this title. Besides, every man may be supposed to have some knowledge, more or less, concerning God, His law, His kingdom, and a future life, which alone is sufficient to constitute him a scientific man. In short, *whatsoever a man knows*, that is his *science*, and since every man *knows* something, every man must needs be a *man of science*.

Science, it is manifest, is born from that *affection of knowing* with which every man is gifted from his birth, and which properly constitutes him man; for man, it is well known, consists of two distinct parts or principles, *will* and *understanding*, and all affection is of the will, as all science is of the understanding. But the understanding of man, at his birth, is not formed, being nothing more than *the faculty to understand*, which faculty is derived continually from the will and its love, and is continually forming according to the activity and operation of its parent principle. Its first formation is what is called *science*, which is nothing more than the first rudiment of understanding, derived from the objects of sense. But as the understanding is the perpetual offspring of the will or love, in like manner science is the perpetual offspring of the will's desire

or affection, since without desire or affection it is impossible to conceive that any science can be imbibed and received.

It is, nevertheless, to be understood that all the *affection of knowing* is not of man alone, but continually of God operating in man, and that, consequently, all science is not the creature of mere human exertion, industry, and talent, separate from God, but is rather to be regarded as the blessed fruit of God's continual operation in man, tending to produce that heavenly birth of *knowledge* without which man would be utterly incapable of enjoying his proper happiness, because utterly incapable either of loving God or of connecting himself with God.

It deserves further to be considered, that the birth of science is an indefinite or unlimited effect, capable of advancing to any degree short of infinite, and that in this consists the perfection of man above the inferior creatures. For the inferior creatures, it is well known, are born into the science of all things necessary for them to know; but then they are incapable of further progress: whereas man, though born in ignorance, has the faculty of growing in science to all eternity.

DESTRUCTION.

Can anything be destroyed? When the seed is cast into the earth, and the tender shoot bursts forth, well do we know the germ is not destroyed, although you see it never more. The nature of the germ is to expand and shoot forth into an extension of its peculiar species when it is placed in its proper soil. It draws from the earth moisture and the peculiar gases necessary to its unfoldment. The germ is not lost, although seen no more. The wood is cast into the grate and the gases exhaled, and the ashes or remains contain the components of the fuel. The great inorganic bodies may change form, yet are never destroyed. It is a demonstrated fact, that all matter is indestructible. Then nothing in nature is lost.

The Christian tells you the pure deeds are not lost, the impure are your great enemies. Truly so! Nothing in nature is lost.

The remains of an individual, placed in the bosom of mother earth, decays, and returns to its "native element." The spirit nature, which is the life of man, then being a part of this great nature, which is not lost, where abideth it? Is it lost? Have we an ex-

ception here to the general law? Has it no abiding place? Has it no employment? Is it asleep? Is it around us? Is it in heaven or hell? Where is it? Queries by a searcher for truth, inviting the expression of any one, who will intelligently express his or her views.

WOMAN AND PURITY.

When woman takes one step more, and stands by the side of her husband, father and brother at the polls, it will be a gala day in the world—a blessing to mankind. When the banners are unfurled, with love, mercy and justice inscribed thereon, *harmony* and *not* discord will prevail. There will be processions formed in every ward, with flags floating, music ringing, grand equipages with gaily dressed ladies, carrying the inscriptions: *Liberty, fraternity, peace* and *good will*. There will be *no* spirit of whisky; *no* chewing, spitting tobacco; *no* beer to make men cross, and *peace* and *harmony* will be the order of that day. Men will have learned to govern themselves, and woman, instead of losing the qualities inherent in her soul, will soften the asperities of life, tenderly care for children, console everywhere with her love, the ambrosia of her perfection and the prudence of her counsels.

M. M.

OPENING SONG.

(Written for "A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.")

Open sweet buds thine leafy bowers,
And shed thine fragrance abroad;
Peace and love are the fairest flowers,
And lead to a smoother road.

Let light, love and purest thought
Fill these pages, week by week;
With knowledge each line be fraught;
We the good of each other seek.

Thus, aiding the life of a weaker one;
Humanity is open, broad and wide;
There is not one, no, none,
That should be left at the gate outside.

The sweetest, fairest, most fragrant flowers
Are, oft, secreted in a shaded glen;
The brightest, pearliest, gentlest showers
Are far more fruitful than a gushing rain.

—ARIADNE.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT,

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THIS magazine, containing sixteen pages, will be published weekly. It will contain articles upon science, art, literature, as well as upon the subjects of ethics, or the elevation of the spirit alone. By elevating the spirit of man, we develop the true life. The subscription price (one dollar per year) places it within the reach of all individuals. The idea is not to extort money from individuals, but to place before the people pure literature, which shall be within the reach of all classes.

SALUTATORY.

WE send greeting to all in this second copy. Your aid we ask in exterminating a tyrant, who is called Evil, Sin, Iniquity, Perfidy, and many such epithets. He enters the home circle, he stalks upon the streets, he enters our courts, our legislature, our congress, our capitol—all places wheresoever an individual will bear him company. He is anxious to bring strife in home circles, disgrace upon individuals who are in high places, to bring discord in the house of representatives, in all the seats of government and authority. He is causing a division in our glorious country, which should be as united as one family. In union there is strength. He is flaunted upon the streets in characters which cause the cheek to mantle, when purity is enthroned. Oh woman! that thou shouldst step from thy shrine and become a toy of maudlin aspect. Robe thyself in the dress of modesty, and take thy place in the world's great battle. Let thy true nature reign; let thy walk be one of purity, one of chastity, of humility and of strength of character; and oh man! give the energies of thy nature to noble deeds, elevate thine ownself, and thereby humanity. Let us one and all fight the tyrant evil, and chain him in his den.

CHOOSE WELL.

"THERE is a talisman, which is the key to success, my son," said a mother, who gazed into the clear depths of her son's eyes. Her only boy; he was entering now upon the responsibilities of life, and was leaving home, where he must some times, aye, many times be called upon to decide important matters with no mother's counsel to aid. The time, which must come to every individual who arrives at manhood or womanhood, when self-reliance is necessary, and when the individuality must assert itself. And Charles Truman, our hero, felt the responsibility which rested upon him. Ever had he confided in his mother; but now he was to enter the large banking house of Lynn & Co., in the city of New York, and be subjected to the many temptations placed before him in a large city. Many times had his mother spoken of this period, and given him her counsel. Now, at parting, she says: "There is a talisman, which is the key to success, my son, and this is, 'choose well.'"

In whatsoever you are called upon to decide, these words will ever be a guide. If you choose well, you will take the right. The true spirit of manhood is to aspire, to live honorably, uprightly, with a clear conscience, a determination to conquer all difficulties, and remove all obstacles in the path of virtue. If a tempter says, "Here is fame; here is wealth, but your scruples must be laid aside; you must not consider your brother's right and your fellow's happiness," then, my son, "choose well." Consider, there is another way of which I have heard: We are all children of one family; if I injure my brother, I am injuring my own family, and thereby myself. If the tempter comes in another form, and says, "Come, go with me to this gaily lighted saloon, the band will give us some fine music; it is a pleasant, cheerful place, you need take but a glass of something to revive your spirits," this is the same old story, "choose well" in this instance. The first step was taken by every individual, who has fallen from man's high estate, in like manner. If the siren tempter still says, "You need not keep this path of rectitude above thy fellows; you may step aside from the path of virtue and yet be honorable and hold a high position," "Ah, my son, 'choose well.'" It is thine own approval you should first seek. When you degrade yourself in *any* manner, so much of the true manhood is extin-

guished, and so much of God-given power is buried beneath the ashes of former glory.

"Yes, mother, may I have strength to battle with those temptations, and vanquish this enemy, which you have pictured so vividly to me many times." "Be it so, my son; trust to the higher powers, and listen to the gentle monitor within.

As the train speeds with lightning rapidity over the broad prairies, around the base of towering mountains, and, anon, through dense woods, Charles has time to reflect upon his fond mother's parting advice. The beautiful scenery which meets his gaze, and the quiet ride of his present journey, as he travels alone, but serves to fix the advice indelibly in his mind, and in the future we shall see to what extent it has permeated his character. "New York City!" is called out by the conductor, and then, hurrying to and fro, are seen the persons who frequent the large depots upon various business errands. The usual cries of hotel agents, cabman and news-boys, and immediately new thoughts and new scenes are ushered in. The place selected for him by his employer is near to his business house, and he is soon ensconced in a cab whirling rapidly through the busy city—a quiet, unpretentious place, where several of the clerks of this same house board, and, as he enters, there is a sense of quiet home atmosphere steals over him, much unlike the ostentatious style of many of the hotels. And his mother's parting counsel came to him vividly. Ah mother, just as you would have it; no temptations here.

On the morrow he entered upon his new duties with his natural zeal. The day passed away without a cloud, and so did others in the same manner for weeks. One evening, being sent to the bank after it had been closed for the night, judge his astonishment when he distinctly heard in the banking room the voices of his two fellow clerks. They were conversing in a low tone; as this was the room he was to enter, he paused upon the threshold, and overheard the following conversation: "James, I know it is not as our mothers would advise us, but here it is, we have gambled, and we are obliged to pay this or be exposed. The old gentleman will never miss this thousand, and we can still keep up and return it when we are able." "Yes, but if it should be missed?" "Oh, fie, do not be so womanish." Charles paused, irresolute as to what course to pursue. He must now "choose well."

CORA CORAL.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HARMONY.

THE keys of the piano forte are so arranged that, when struck by a masterhand, beautiful peals of music resound; and, when the soul of the performer is allowed to stream from the finger tips, as it were, then we call it inspired harmony. But, let these same keys be struck by an unskilled hand, and what discord proceeds.

In gazing upon the natural world, *all* is in harmony; the woods, the vales, the mountains, the rivers—all things. Were it not so, we might, sometimes, see a tree growing root upward; a mountain ready to fall upon the inhabitants of the valley; a stream meandering up hill; a daisy growing upon an oak tree; search for pears upon the deadly Upas, and like incongruities. But, we expect harmony in the great field of nature, and find it.

One who places upon canvass a representation of a natural scene must harmonize the scene in coloring, in distance, in grouping, in size, in adaptation. Harmony is the master power of art. In all statuary it must reign.

Then in the grand principles of life, in the perfect development of the true manhood, it is the prevailing element. The more perfectly a man's characteristics throughout harmonize with each other, and blend into an individuality, the more perfect is the man.

Be yourself; let your actions harmonize with the inward monitor, which says, let your *true* manhood predominate. Wear not another's character; it as illy fits you as his clothes your person. Crush down the evil power which bids you assume a character foreign to your nature, thus bringing inharmony, the great curse to mankind.

There is, within each human frame, the melodious harp, which needs but the touch of a skilled musician that the beautiful life music may float upon life's ocean; and likewise, may, when touched by an unskilled hand, send forth only discordant, troublous music. Let us call to our aid a master mind. Let the angels of harmony thrum upon the harp strings, and how grand are the reverberations. The true life principle, literally speaking, is developed by yielding to the higher powers.

GENEROUS and self-denying efforts are not in vain, but are painted on the eternal world and never effaced.

L. H. GRINDON.

"AS YE SOW, SO SHALL YE REAP."

THE sower prepares the soil, carefully selects his seed, discarding all inferior grains, casts it upon the ground, harrows it in, sees with pleasure the first tiny shoot, watches it grow leaf by leaf, until it has arrived at full maturity; sees it ripen, carefully nurtures it, expecting a harvest of beautiful golden grain. Had he taken seed which a child may have innocently gathered from flowers, grain or even thistles, as it wanders in its search for pleasure, think you he would have expected this bountiful harvest? Again, had he carelessly thrown upon the ground well selected grain, and then lain down as the sluggard, giving it no care, think you he could have expected a plenteous harvest? Verily, "as ye sow, so shall ye reap." They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. Yea, tears for thine own transgressions and short-comings, for an erring brother, or tears of sympathy for the afflicted. These keep the heart warm, bringing a harvest of joy.

The tears coming from an overburdened heart, which is crying "More! Oh Lord, more of thy love," will certainly be jewels in the crown which awaits the faithful. Then, do you not see, tears soften the heart, making it tender and willing to yield to the cries of the afflicted. Oh! treasure ye these softening influences as angels' visits. Pause! and consider, "as I sow, so shall I reap." If I sow to the wind, I must expect to reap the whirlwind. If the morning of my life is spent in frivolity, if a votary of fashion, and the world and its vanities engross all of my attention, leaving not one moment to think of my eternal welfare, not one corner of my mind's great storehouse for the Ruler of the Universe, what can I expect to reap?

When the Master of the Vineyard comes to reign with glory, majesty and power, what can I bring to him? saying, "Lord, this is thine." For the talent given is lain carefully away, wrapped in a napkin, aye! even forgotten with the giver.

"Lord, *this* is thine own. I had the affairs of this world to attend to and could not prepare for another. My wife and children, or my father and mother, or my sister and brother, engaged my thoughts; I had no time to think of the Giver of these gifts and Master of this beautiful world."

Think you this a sufficient excuse for carelessly sowing whatever came to your hand? Oh carefully sow, that your spiritual harvest may be rich and fruitful.

Ye mothers, as ye gaze into the eyes of your innocent babes, remember, "as ye sow, so shall ye reap." Their little hearts, while yet pure, as from the Master's hand, are to be moulded by you. Their *character* will be formed whilst under your watchful care. Consider here is the temple of a living immortality. The breath which is in this body lives though an everlasting eternity, and the life-course determines the ascent or descent of spirit. Oh, sow in tears with fervent prayers, hoping to reap in joy in the bright sphere beyond the darksome river. Mothers, as ye gaze upon these little treasures, tremble as ye think of the never-dying soul, and fail not to implant in the mind truth, which it may retain through life; wheresoever the feet may wander, these early teachings will cling to the individual—a part of his or her nature. Those solemn warnings, which only a mother can give, are of untold value to the child, and may come in after years as a beacon light, even if the individual has strayed far from the path of virtue. Oh, forget not the child's soul in the care for the body. Fathers, as ye gaze with pride upon your little ones, remember they are watching father, taking him as the personification of all excellence. *Your* example is of great importance. "As ye sow, so shall ye reap." Then sow with a careful hand, watching with jealous care. Your little son, if he never sees father lift the intoxicating cup, will be very apt to say, if tempted, "No, my father never takes it." And, as he grows older, if father has exerted a good influence over him, it will be a bright star in his future life and of much value in aiding him to select his company.

Then, "as we *all* sow, so shall we reap." Oh let us sow seeds of righteousness, watering with tears of contrition, cultivating with deeds of charity and kindness, nurtured by the prayers of faith and hope, expecting to reap abundantly in the "far away," but yet near, harvest home.

SHADOWS.—It is said of Michael Angelo that he wore a light over his forehead, whilst engaged upon his great works of art, that he might not cast a shadow from himself upon his work. Well would it be for us all, should we be so careful in viewing many things. We sometimes cast a shadow ourselves which darkens the scene, and we are dissatisfied, calling it dark, when it is but the shadow; remove the shadow, and in the pure sunlight the scene may be beautiful.

T R U T H .

A lovely child with golden hair
 And mild blue eyes serene ;
 She seems to breathe heaven's pure air,
 And has a quiet mien.
 The lovelight in her eye so blue,
 Fills every one with joy,
 Who gaze into their depths so true,
 And oft does she decoy

Weary ones, by her gentle glance,
 Imparting to the heart
 The light from her own countenance,
 Yielding to us a part.
 Of the pure joy which fills her soul,
 And gives her life and glee ;
 Thus does she many griefs console
 And bid old care to flee.

She holds a wreath, a tiny wreath,
 Of summer's lovely flowers,
 Such have not birth in earth beneath,
 But come from heavenly bowers.
 Mark her now ! with sweet, childlike grace,
 She bears the wreath aloft ;
 And, mark the radiance of her face,
 She seems to love betrothed.

Within her hand it larger grows,
 Although she sees it not ;
 So wrapt in the pleasure of those
 For whom the wreath was wrought.
 The skillful fingers, at love's behest,
 Rapidly twined the wreath ;
 Taking the flowers which she thought best
 Would gladden the heart of each.

As still aloft she bears the wreath,
 Unseen hands add more flowers,
 Whose fragrance seems heaven's own
 pure breath ;
 What heavenly joy is ours !
 Say those who on this picture gaze ;
 The child seems not to know
 How many earth-flowers she does raise,
 Nor how the wreath does grow.

We watch it steadily expand
 And brighter grow each hour,
 See now it encircles the band
 Who bow before her power.
 The fragrance on the senses steals,
 And sweet peace fills the soul ;
 Ah ! this beauty rare does reveal
 The power which does control.

She claps her hands in childish glee,
 When suddenly her gaze
 Rests on this wreath of rare beauty,
 Knowing not that she did raise
 Aid for those invisible hands,
 But enjoys it the more
 As she seems to see the sunny lands
 Where the lovely forms soar.

Thus with childlike simplicity
 Which does the heart enthral,
 Accompanied by charity,
 Truth wins the way with all.

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

(CONTINUED.)

If there are any persons, who wish for knowledge concerning the grand and sublime signs and wonders that are visible to-day, in this nineteenth century, they should place themselves in a proper condition of both mind and body and ask of the great master, and they will surely receive. Knock and it will be opened; this is the gala day of the world, when the heavenly and earthly will meet in one harmonious triumph of joy. It is meeting now, when spirits in the flesh come to harmonize or meet with one accord the visible and invisible. This is the meeting of the two worlds. Jesus Christ sent out his apostles to work miracles, gave them power and authority

over devils, to cure diseases, and to preach "the Kingdom of God," now at hand. The same spirit is here to-day, inspiring and manifesting itself through mortals, mediums, or prophets, but the people will not see the signs or hear the voice that speaks those loving words, "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden and I will give thee rest." Spirit is life, and what the christian world calls God is the spiritual world, which is the life of all things, and mortals, having a ray of light or love planted in this earthly frame, cannot be separated from the spiritual.

The great God fills immensity of space, and in this we live, move and have our being, become individuals, and, if conditions are favorable, will develop into sons and daughters, and be willing to work in the Father's vineyard.

M. MERRICK.

ARE WE PHILOSOPHERS?

POETRY and philosophy, art and science have been classed sometimes as opposite terms. Some who consider themselves philosophers—master minds—have sneered at poetry. We call to mind such example, an orator of fine ability, whose language was the impersonation of poetry. In speaking of a beautiful scene in nature, says it was one calculated to arouse the inspiration of the poet, although "I confess I have no inclination to poetize, or, in fact, no sympathy with it, although in my younger days I *thought* I had a passion for it." The description of the scene, as of many others he has described, was a high type of poetry, and the exact wording would have formed blank verse. And the thought arose in the mind of the listener:

"Oh wad some pow'r, the giftie gie us,
To see oursel's as ithers see us,
Twad frae mony a notion free us."

This man was a philosopher upon many subjects, but here, whilst philosophizing, he was also poetizing, unconsciously, although not in a rhyming metre, which is by some denominated poetry alone.

The thought also arose, are we not all philosophers? Do we not all philosophize according to circumstances, the capacity of our minds and the development of our character? We have not all found the philosopher's stone, but, nevertheless, there is a philosophy of life, which we are each and all developing. We may not

realize that this is true, for we are, many of us, practical matter-of-fact people. But practical and matter-of-fact, as may be a life, there is not one but has its bit of poetry and its philosophy. There is not an individual but has a sense of the beautiful in a greater or less degree, owing to its development. This love of the beautiful is poetry, if it finds *not* expression in words. We all reason from cause to effect, and where we correctly trace effect to its corresponding cause, we are philosophers to that extent. The child is many times too great a philosopher for us, or we should say, his ideas astonish and his questions baffle us. There is a deep under current in the harmony of nature, that is called harmonial philosophy, or harmonial science. And here we find, in this harmonial law, art, science, poetry and philosophy blended. The art-nature is portrayed upon canvas; the poet-nature is placed in characters upon pages; the scientist takes from the earth, the air and heavens his grand investigations; and the philosopher takes from *all* these and his fellow man. Thus we see all allied by the tie of brotherhood—art, science, poetry and philosophy.

There is not an individual but thinks and is able to draw conclusions, although he may not be able to *express* them, and in his mind's deep recesses he philosophizes.

May not even the brute creation philosophize in its instinctive manner? See the cow lazily chewing her cud, who knows what her brain is doing; who knows but she has power of thought, if not language? See the watch-dog lying snapping at each luckless fly who may come in his way; doubtless he could not explain to you the philosophy. But it is the philosophy of self-sustenance. See the eagle poise herself and dart upon the prey she has sited. With the precision of a marksman she darts quickly through the air, seldom missing aim. And so throughout the brute creation.

Thus it seems there is philosophy in *all things*, and may we not all, to *some* extent, be philosophers. "Sometimes," it has been said, "The wise things are withheld from the great and revealed unto babes." Babes in the world's knowledge, yet wise in the harmonial philosophy, if we harmonize our own natures, so that the true spirit of self-hood may predominate.

ANY one obtaining six subscribers for "A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT" will receive one copy per year gratis.